

THE LONGEST YEAR

**A Collection of Songs by Advisors and Civilians
in the Vietnam War**

Collected and Annotated by:

**Brigadier General Thomas Bowen
and Dr. Lydia M. Fish**

Lisa Harmon, Editor

December, 1990

VIETNAM VETERANS ORAL HISTORY AND FOLKLORE PROJECT

**Lydia Fish, Director
Department of Anthropology
Buffalo State College
1300 Elmwood Avenue
Buffalo NY 14222
Home: (716) 883 1843
Office: (716) 878 6110
FAX: (716) 878 4235**

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EDITED BY LISA HARMON

These songs were collected or composed by General Bowen during his tours in Vietnam (1963-1965, 1967-1969, 1971-1972) or acquired by Lydia Fish during her research on the folksongs of Americans in the Vietnam War. It seems to us that these songs make up a distinct body of material, quite different in character from the songs of American combat troops, Army aviators, or Air Force pilots. We hope that the circulation of this collection in manuscript form may evoke a few nostalgic memories and elicit some additional songs. All contributions are most welcome!

December, 1990

MANUSCRIPT SOURCES

General Thomas Bowen, Songs of Saigon (First and Second Editions)
Cited as "Bowen:1" and "Bowen:2"

A mimeographed collection of songs collected or composed by General Bowen and colleagues during his 1963-1965 tour in Vietnam. The first edition contains fifteen songs, the second edition twenty. Some of these songs are from musical productions presented in the bar of the Rex Hotel.

Songs of Saigon (Cosmos Command edition)
Cited as "SSCC"

An anonymous dittoed collection of 24 songs, put together about the same time as the Bowen collections with the same title. Thirteen of the songs are identical or nearly so, to songs in the Bowen collections; one is a variant. Lansdale included a copy of the "Cosmos Command edition" of Songs of Saigon in the documentation which he presented to the Library of Congress with the tapes of Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War. A copy was presented to Lydia Fish by Joe Baker, who served with Lansdale in Saigon.

In the narration which Lansdale wrote for these tapes he comments: "During the coups and political strife of the early 1960s, some CIA officers and their friends would meet at the Cosmos Bar, a little hole-in-the-wall place behind the American Embassy on Ham Nghi Street in Saigon. As relief from the strain of the day's events, they made up irreverent songs--and nicknamed themselves the Cosmos Tabernacle Choir."

Cosmos Command Christmas Carols
Cited as "CCCC"

Dittoed song sheets containing a total of eleven songs, some of them fragmentary. Three of these songs are also included in the program notes, "Cast for the Christmas Pageant...with background music by the Cosmos Tabernacle Choir." (1964)
Copies of these were given to Lydia Fish by Joe Baker.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 4

Colonel David M. Watt
Cited as "Watt"

Colonel Watt sent Lydia Fish a manuscript containing twelve songs in response to her request for songs published in the Army Times. Most of these songs were transcribed from a tape which Watt made at party given by members of MACV Team #1, who were working with the Sixth Regiment of ARVN and located on Artillery Hill just west of the Chu Lai base of the Americal Division. Watt comments that it "was a unique group in that it had Australians and Marines assigned to it." The tape was recorded in 1971, during his third tour, with the 23rd Division.

101st Airborne Division Songbook
Cited as "101st"

This songbook was used in the Officers' Mess of the 101st Airborne Division in Phu Bai, 1968-1969. It includes 24 songs with Vietnam War content, many of them contributed by General Bowen.

TAPED SOURCES

Lansdale, Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War
Cited as "Lansdale"

The largest taped collection of folksongs of Americans in the Vietnam War was made by Air Force Major General Edward Lansdale, during the period 1965-1967, while he was serving as head of the Senior Liaison Office of the U.S. Mission in Saigon. Many of songs were recorded at Lansdale's villa by singer, composer and musician friends: soldiers serving as advisors to the Vietnamese and civilians employed by USAID, the Foreign Service, CORDS, and the CIA. Others were recorded at Lansdale's home in Virginia after his return to the United States in 1968 or were sent to him by friends and colleagues. Lansdale deposited copies of these tapes in the Library of Congress in 1976. (Library of Congress, Archive of Folk Culture, LWO 9518, AFS 18,977-18,982) His own tapes were given to Lydia Fish by his widow, Pat Lansdale.

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THE LONGEST YEAR - 6

Table of Contents

1. AIR AMERICA	8
2. ARRIVEDERCI SAIGON	8
3. AWAY IN A HAMLET	10
4. THE BALLAD OF CO VAN MY (MY AMERICAN ADVISOR)	10
5. BALLAD OF CORDS	12
6. BODY BAG SONG	13
7. BUDDHA BLESS SAIGON	14
8. COLONEL NIGHN	15
9. DANANG	16
10. DASHING THROUGH PLEIKU	17
11. DECK THE HALLS WITH VICTOR CHARLIE	17
12. DON'T TAKE MY COUNTERPART AWAY	17
13. DON'T TELL ME I'VE NOTHING TO DO	18
14. THE FIRST HOTEL	18
15. FOURTEEN DAYS LEAVE	18
16. FRIENDLY FAC AND GREEN BERET	19
17. GHOST ADVISORS BY AND BY	21
18. GHOST ADVISORS II	24
19. GOD REST YE, GENERAL WESTMORELAND	24
20. HERE COMES PAVN	25
21. I MET A GAL IN OLD SAIGON	25
22. INFILTRATION	25
23. I'VE LAID AROUND AND STAYED AROUND	26
24. I'VE STAYED TOO LONG	27
25. JAKE SONG	27

26. JOT SONG	28
27. LANDLORD, FILL THAT NUOC MAM BOWL	29
28. LET'S DO IT	29
29. THE LONGEST YEAR	30
30. MCNAMARA'S BAND	31
31. MACV FIGHT SONG	31
32. MACV FIGHT SONG II	32
33. MACV MARCHING SONG	32
34. THE METHVENSPOOF SONG	34
35. MONTAGNARD SERGEANT	34
36. O LITTLE TOWN OF BAN ME THUOT	36
37. OUR FORCES ARE ADVANCING	36
38. PENTA-PRIME MEDLEY	37
39. PICTURE OF A MAN	38
40. RANGERS IN THE NIGHT	38
41. RECON SONG	39
42. SELF DEFENSE MAIDEN	39
43. SERVICE FLAG SONG	39
44. SIX CLICKS	40
45. SIXTH REGIMENT FIGHT SONG	41
46. SORRY ABOUT THAT	41
47. SPECIAL FORCES SONG	42
48. STRATEGIC HAMLET SONG	43
49. STREETS OF SAIGO	43
50. THEY CALL ME A MACV ADVISOR	44
51. THOSE VIET CONG ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE . .	44

THE LONGEST YEAR - 8

52. 'T WAS COUP DAY	45
53. VOICES OF THE DEAD	46
54. [T]WELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS	46
55. UNCLE HO CHI MINH LOOKED DOWN	47
56. WE ARE WINNING	47
57. WE GOTTA HAVE KHANH	48
58. WE HAVE PACIFIED THIS LAND ONE HUNDRED TIMES	48
59. WE'RE A PACK OF BASTARDS	49
60. WHEN ARVN COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN	49
61. YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON	50
62. YOU BETTER BUG OUT	51

1. AIR AMERICA

Tune: "God Bless America"

Source: Lansdale-142

Note: Written and sung by Jim Bullington, Foreign Service

Damned Air America,
You're always late.
You do hound us and confound us,
Our desire for to travel is great.

From old Saigon,
To dear Danang,
To the airport citadel,
Damned Air America can go to hell.
Damned Air America can go to hell.

2. ARRIVEDERCI SAIGON

Tune: "Arrivederci Roma"

Source: Lansdale-15, SSCC-1, Bowen:1-1, 101st-188

Note: Sung by the Cosmos Tabernacle Choir

Arrivederci, Saigon,
We hope you win your war.
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons,
The Viet Cong hold them tight.
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets,
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets,
Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight?

The Bao An steal our chickens,
The Dan Ve steal our rice.
And the hamlet chief is selling bulgur,
With the GVN acting so vulgar,
Is it any wonder the VC seem so nice?

Where are the Special Forces?
They're not on our frontier.
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes,
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes,
That's the reason for the shooting that you hear.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 10

They send us lots of colonels,
With chickens on their necks.
They are working in coordination,
They are working in coordination,
They are making plans to win the war atop the Rex.

Arrivederci, Saigon,
We hope you win your war.
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

3. AWAY IN A HAMLET

Tune: "Away in a Manger"
Source: CCCC

Away in a hamlet,
No crib for his bed,
The little Westmoreland,
Lay down his sweet head.

4. THE BALLAD OF CO VAN MY (MY AMERICAN ADVISOR)

Tune: "Wabash Cannon Ball"
Source: Lansdale-42

Note: The song is sung by Jim Bullington, Foreign Service. It was composed at Quang Ngai by Captains T.C. Cooper and L.F. DeMouche in October, 1965. Verses were added by various singers, including the performer. Lansdale included a typed five page broadside version of this ballad in the documentation which he gave the Library of Congress with the tapes of Songs By Americans in the Vietnam War.

You have heard of mighty warriors, you have head of deadly fights,
When broadswords clashed and cannon flashed through bloody days and nights.
There's many a fearsome fighting man in the halls of history,
But they can't hold a candle to the brave young Co Van My.

The Russian revolution would have never come to pass,
If the Co Van My had been there to advise the ruling class.
Ho Chi Minh would be a Democrat if they were on his team,
And China's dark ambitions would be a foolish dream.

Napoleon flourished briefly, but his empire soon collapsed,
Cleopatra's dreams of glory terminated with an asp.
Caesar had his Brutus, but anyone can see,
These people would have made it if they'd had a Co Van My.

The ordinary Co Van can play a thousand parts,
From a deadly jungle killer to a patron of the arts.
He will talk of epic struggles, days of blood and fire and
sweat,
He'll be written up in Newsweek, but he ain't seen a VC yet.

The only VC that he's seen cut grass at his mess hall,
So he took his trusty Pen double E and down he mowed
them all.
Now he has photographic proof of legions of VC,
And he'll build a lie as high as the sky about being a Co
Van My.

SPOKEN: The S2 is the intelligence advisor.

The S2 sits behind his desk and sighs and moans and flaps,
Chasing mythical battalions across outdated maps.
With "probably" and "possibly" and "indications are,"
He worries hell out of the men who try to fight the war.

He paints a picture of despair as he talks of the VC might,
A crow of evil omen, only his eyes are bright.
He speaks of hordes and legions, and cannon hid in huts,
He scares hell out of Saigon, but Division thinks
he's nuts.

At winning paper victories the S3 has no peer,
As he sits down at the O club with his whisky and his beer.
He'll never lose a battle, he'll always win that fight,
But his TOC gets mortared every other night.

The JB's daily recon is the terror of the beach,
Calling naval gunfire missions on everything in reach.
He sees VC in every hootch, supplies in every boat,
He's killed one hundred fishermen, twelve chickens, and a
goat.

The naval gunfire spotter is professionally proud,
He's never hit a target, but his guns are awfully loud.
"Delay fuse, right eight hundred," the cruisers pitch and
lurch,
"Cease fire, end of mission, boys, we got that VC church."

SPOKEN: Now we're going down to Saigon where there was
a special brand of Co Van My--the further they got away
from the combat, the more heavily armed they travelled.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 12

He wears a jungle uniform and he moves with a tiger's
stealth,
He keeps his weapons sharp and clean and he's careful of his
health.
He moves with a heavy escort, in danger every day.
And he drives to Cholon twice a week to earn his combat pay.

His shirt is open to the breeze, his hat's down over his
eye,
A Thompson's slung across his back, there's a pistol on each
thigh.
Grenades are fastened to his belt, there's a knife in either
boot,
As he drives his forklift up and down the streets of Than
Son Nhut.

5. BALLAD OF CORDS

Tune: "Puff the Magic Dragon" or "The Wabash Cannon Ball"

Source: 101st-167, Lansdale-138

Note: The Lansdale version is sung by Bill Stubbs, USIS, to the
"Puff" tune. According to the 101st Airborne Songbook, if
"The Wabash Cannon Ball" tune is used, "The Ballad of Co Van
My" should precede this song.

You've heard about our warriors,
In uniforms of green.
There's damned hear half a million,
Of our troops who've made the scene.

There's the Big Red One and the First Air Cav,
And all those other hordes.
But you've seldom heard a single word,
About the creature known as CORDS.

Now CORDS, the world's ninth wonder,
Was born in merry May.
With a mighty roar of thunder,
On a sultry Saigon day.

And CORDS was nursed on nuoc mam,
And teathed on TNT,
'Cause this poor bastard's parents,
Were called OCO and MACV.

Komer and Westmoreland,
Loved that rascal CORDS,
And knew they had to teach him to weld,
Plowshares into swords.

Now both CORDS' noble parents,
Had fought for minds and hearts,
But CORDS set out to fight the war,
With view graph slides and charts.

Yes OCO had its RD teams,
And MACV the brigade,
But CORDS rushed into battle,
With its briefers on parade.

Uncle McNamara,
Comes out from time to time,
To inspect the growing baby,
In the torrid tropic clime.

He listens to the briefings,
And reviews the cadre groups,
And if RD is lagging,
He just sends more combat troops.

The troops provide security,
So CORDS can pacify,
And require Siagon's bureaucracy,
To expand and multiply.

We once had several agencies,
To seek our common goals,
They had a common mission,
Although each had different roles.

Then we unified the agencies,
For RD was moving slow,
And civilians in the field marched forth,
'Neath the flag of OCO.

But OCO died in labor,
When CORDS was born in May,
And CORDS is blessed with the MACV crest,
Until their dying day.

6. BODY BAG SONG

Tune: "Camp Town Races"

Source: Watt-5

Note: This song turns up frequently in Army tradition, sometimes as "Your Son Died in Vietnam" or "Mitch Went Home in A Body Bag."

THE LONGEST YEAR - 14

Hit him in the chest with an RPG,
Do da, do da.
Hit him in the chest with an RPG,
Oh, do da day.

He ain't got but an arm and a leg,
Do da, do da.
He ain't got but an arm and a leg,
Oh, do da day.

Send him home in a body bag,
Do da, do da.
Send him home in a body bag,
Oh, do da day.

Oh, gwain to fight all night,
'Gwain to fight all day.
'Gwain to send him home in a body bag,
All the do da day.

7. BUDDHA BLESS SAIGON

Tune: "God Bless America"

Source: 101st-120-c

Note: Words by John E. Roberts, State Department. Roberts was a member of MACV Team #2, and worked for General Bowen as Senior Refugee Advisor in Hue.

Buddha bless Saigon,
Buddha bless old Hue,
Bless Can-Tho,
Bless Dalat,
And the man in palace today.

From old I Corps,
To the Delta,
To the highlands,
Filled with "yards."

Buddha bless them all,
And guard especially our own guards.

8. COLONEL NIGHN

Tune: "Battleship of Maine"

Source: Watt-3

We were drinking beer in Frisco,
And having lots of fun,
When the war broke out in I Corps,
And I grabbed my pack and gun,
Now I'm fighting for that bastard Colonel Nighn.

Chorus: Colonel Nighn, Colonel Nighn,
Now I'm fighting for that bastard Colonel Nighn.

We landed in Batanga,
It wasn't very nice.
We didn't come to I Corps,
To eat your fucking rice.

Chorus

Oh, Co Van, why are you running?
Are you afraid to die?
The reason I am running,
Is that Co Vans cannot fly.

Chorus

There were mortars in the compound
And sappers in the wire.
But we didn't give a fuck,
'Cause we were too Goddamned tired.

Chorus

We were putting in some VNAF,
And laughing at the show,
When Charlie popped a mortar,
And Paddy didn't know.

Chorus

On an operation,
Near the Laotian border,
Just eating rice and Nuoc Mam,
Waiting for an order.

Chorus

Working as a Co Van,
I'm earning me a mint,
'Cause all my X-ray wants,
Is Seikos and cement.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 16

Chorus

Building a new compound,
We're even planting grass,
But if you think I'll mow it,
You can kiss my fucking ass!

Chorus

Surrounded out at Kam Duc,
Can't last another day,
When one-eight says to me,
"Don't let 'em get away!"

Chorus

9. DANANG

Tune: "Mammy"

Source: 101st-120a

Danang,
How I love ya,
How I love ya,
My dear old Danang.
The folks down south in Saigon don't know,
The folks up north in Hanoi, no, no.
(I'm with ya.)

Danang,
I'm a singing,
I'm a plugging,
For all of I Corps.
We're soon to see results,
We're soon to bust our guts,
In helping you to help yourself.

Gang, Danang is the place I want
To save in old I Corps.
The folks up north won't leave us alone,
So we cannot give up and go home.

10. DASHING THROUGH PLEIKU

Tune: "Jingle Bells"

Source: SSCC-14, CCCC, Lansdale-51

Dashing through Pleiku,
With the First Air Calvary,
VC to my left,
And a Rhade on my knee.

11. DECK THE HALLS WITH VICTOR CHARLIE

Tune: "Deck the Halls"

Source: SSCC-14, CCCC, Lansdale-52

Deck the halls with Victor Charlie,
Tra la la la la, la la la la.
'Tis the season to be jolly,
Tra la la la la la la la la.
Don we now our black pajamas...

12. DON'T TAKE MY COUNTERPART AWAY

Tune: "You are My Sunshine"

Source: SSCC-12, Bowen:2-16, Lansdale-39

In South East Asia, here in Vietnam,
What kind of war no one can say.
Some say insurgent, some psychologic,
Please don't take my counterpart away!

Down in the Delta, we have the VC,
Who come here from north of Hue.
Some say guerilla, some next door neighbor,
Please don't take my counterpart away!

The other night, dear, out in the hamlet,
I dreamed I held you in my arms.
When I awoke, dear, it was the VC,
So I shot him down and I cried.

The high triumvirate includes Westmoreland,
With Throckmorton and Dick Stilwell.
They'll have the VC backed into China,
Just don't take their counterparts away!

Note: In the second edition of Bowen, the second line of the first stanza appears as: "There is a misunderstood war."

THE LONGEST YEAR - 18

13. DON'T TELL ME I'VE NOTHING TO DO

Tune: "Counting Flowers on the Wall"

Source: SSCC-4, Lansdale-24

Counting geckos on the wall,
That don't bother me at all,
Shooting VC until dawn,
Then my ammo's almost gone.
Drinking Ba Muoi Ba
And watching hamlets overrun...
Now don't tell me,
I've nothing to do.

14. THE FIRST HOTEL

Tune: "The First Noel"

Source: CCCC

The first hotel,
To be zapped was the Brink.
And the last was the Metropole,
Westmoreland thinks....

15. FOURTEEN DAYS LEAVE

Tune: "Sweet Betsy from Pike"

Source: Watt-1

Note: This song is a direct descendent of a British World War I song entitled "The Lousy Lance Corporal." Broudy included in his thesis a version sung by an Australian woman identified only as "Maggie" at a Army Aviation commanders' conference in 1967. Durham published two Air Force versions which he collected in country in 1969, and the Library of Congress has a manuscript version about an Army medic which was submitted for copyright in 1968. The song is sung to the tunes of both "Sweet Betsy from Pike" and "The Mountains of Morne." Watt comments that "the last verse of this song was added in 1971, during the 'beat feet for sea' campaign, the wind up of American involvement in I Corps area."

A trooper came down on his fourteen days leave,
When up stepped a Provo saying, "Leave passes, please.
There's blood on your tunic and guts on your sleeve
I think I'll just cancel your fourteen days leave."

Chorus: Dinki Die, Dinki Die,
I couldn't, I wouldn't not tell you a lie.

The trooper then gave him a murderous look,
Said, "See here, you bastard, I'm fresh from Hiep Duc.
Where whiz-bangs are flying and comforts are few,
And brave men are dying for bastards like you."

Chorus

Oh Quang Ngai, Oh Quang Ngai, a hell of a place,
The way things are done it's a fucking disgrace.
With Captains and Majors and Light Colonels too,
With the heads up their asses and nothing to do.

Chorus

They stand in the compound, they scream and they shout,
Of a whole lot of shit they know nothing about.
For all they accomplish, they might as well be,
Shoveling shit in the South China Sea.

Chorus

I've fought in Ha Tahn, I've fought up in Hue,
I've fought in this place for a year and some days.
And while you were down on the fat of your ass,
I was out at Kam Duc near the Ho Chi Minh Track.

Chorus

Did you ever [have] a father, did it ever occur?
Did you ever [have] a mother, and did you strike her?
When women have babies they have them with ease,
When harlots have bastards, they call them MP's.

Chorus

Oh, the rules of engagement are something else too,
You can't shoot a dink unless he shoots at you.
For all the murders we'd like to commit,
We end up with footprints all over our dick.

16. FRIENDLY FAC AND GREEN BERET

Tune: "The Wabash Cannon Ball"

Source: Lt. Col. "Bucky" Burress, Mike Force

Note: Lydia Fish has a recording of this song made in Nha Trang on March 9, 1966, by members of the 1st Air Commando Squadron. Burress, who remembers singing the song in the Mike Force bar at Nha Trang in 1968, says that it was written by Captain John Meyer, 21st Tactical Air Support Squadron.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 20

Friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, this is Green Beret,
We see you flying high above, out of danger's way.
If you can spare a moment to help your fellow man,
I wish you'd try to find me, and tell me where I am.

Green Beret, oh, Green Beret, this is your friendly FAC,
You see me flying overhead while you're still in the sack--
Still, I'll try to find you, and set you people straight,
But hurry, 'cause it's steak night, and I don't want to be
late.

Friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, this is Green Beret,
We appreciate your helping, and you'll send us on our way,
But I really wish you'd think about our danger on the
ground--
Tromping through the jungle, while you just "fac" around.

Green Beret, oh, Green Beret, this is your friendly FAC,
If you no longer need me, I'm going to head on back.
I'll settle for a souvenir--whatever you can bag:
An AK forty-seven, or a bloodstained VC flag.

Oh friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, we've just come
under fire!
And if you cannot help us, we'll join the angels' choir.
It's automatic weapons, we're really getting hit,
So hurry with the fighters, 'cause we are in deep shit!

Green Beret, you were cut out--I read you "numbah ten,"
The C Team's telling dirty jokes, so please transmit again.
If you've got Charlie cornered, please don't let him get
away.
I've sent a call for fighters--though it may take all day.

Friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, please get your finger out,
We've tangled with a regiment, of that there is no doubt.
If you can get us out of Charlie's fierce and dreadful grip,
We'll give you FACs a grateful square in our comic strip.

Green Beret, oh, Green Beret, this is your friendly FAC.
Let me take some photos, in case you don't get back.
Turn this way a little. Hold it. That's the style!
You're on Candid Camera, so let me see you smile.

Green Beret! Hey, Green Beret! They're shooting at this FAC!
I hear the bullets whistling by, I hear the rifles' crack.
I'm missing my siesta, and I need a taste of rum,
If you no longer need me, I think I'll head for home!

Oh, thank God; our fighters now are circling overhead!
Charlie's going to wish that he had stayed at home in bed.
He's going to meet his maker in the Land that is to be,
We're going to blow his body up, and set his spirit free.

Friendly FAC and fighters, I hope you see our smoke--
That first strike came too close to us; it really was no
joke!
Green Beret, we're holding high--the FAC, he got it wrong;
He thought that you were marking the position of the Cong!

Fighters, this is friendly FAC, please hold it high and dry.
We can get this straightened out, if we all really try.
It really doesn't matter if I mark the friend or foe,
'Cause you can't hit a cow's rear end, no matter where you
go.

Fighters, you're cleared in again, just do the best you can.
The situation's all fouled up, beyond the help of man.
Just bomb the general area, and when the smoke clears out,
Well, we'll just count the bodies, and let God sort 'em out!

Now most of us are safe at home; we beat the dreaded Cong,
We simply let it all hang out to help the war along.
The friendly FAC and fighters will always save the day--
Killing off the Charlies, to the last damned Green Beret.

17. GHOST ADVISORS BY AND BY

Tune: "Ghost Riders"

Source: SSCC-5, Bowen:1-4, Bowen:2-4, 101st-163, Lansdale-25

Note: Words by Charlie Eberhardt, USIA, 1963. This song is noted
as the "pre-coup" version in SSCC and the first Bowen
edition.

Some Yanks went out advising,
Down there in South Vietnam,
But the people they advised
Didn't give a good Goddamn!
The president and his family,
Were sweating out a coup,
And they blamed the whole "schammozzle,"
On the likes of me and you!

Chorus: Yippee aye yea! Yippee aye yea!
Ghost advisors by and by!

THE LONGEST YEAR - 22

Some Buddhists did a "slow burn,"
Up in Hue and in Saigon,
And you couldn't "watch the birdies,"
Without dodging plastic bombs.
The students, they got angry--
The government closed the schools,
And the Times of Vietnam,
Called the U.S. a bunch of fools!

Chorus

These advisors were notorious,
For countering insurgency.
They collected "Lessons Learned,"
For the Chief of "Co Van My."
They gathered tons of data,
From the field in Vietnam.
(But down in Venezuela,
It won't be worth a damn!)

Chorus

They worked for COMUSMACV,
And for the Chief of MAAG,
Who told Bob McNamara,
That the war was "in the bag,"
That the Viet Cong were beaten
In this brave "Dien-ocracy."
(They didn't tell the insurgents:
The omnipotent VCs!)

Chorus

Yes, in the steaming jungles...
And the plains of mud and rice,
Infested with mosquitoes,
Viet Cong and body lice,
There went the good advisors,
And some "Greenie Beanies" too,
To save the little country,
For the likes of Madame Nhu!

Chorus

They advised the Civil Guard,
And the valiant SDC,
They advised the Vietnamese,
In the land, air and sea,
And when the fights were over,
When the body count was in,
Our side lost a hundred,
And the VC only ten!

Chorus

They built strategic hamlets,
And they dispensed USOM aid,
They convinced the Montagnards,
That they really had it made!
They defoliated jungles,
And herbicided rice,
As long as Mr. Ambassador,
Could afford the going price!

Chorus

They headed for the airfield,
Out at good old Tan Son Nhut;
With boarding passes in their hands,
And CIBs to boot!
"Little soldiers of misfortune,"
And, "Tools of CIA,"
They waited for jet planes,
To touch that broad runway!

Chorus

Now buddy, listen to them,
And hear what they will say,
They're gonna board that aircraft,
So don't get in their way.
They'll zap you with their cross-bows,
And their home-made rifles too,
Cause no seats exist on that craft,
For the likes of me and you.

Chorus

Note: In both Bowen versions the second line in the first stanza reads: "Down there in southern Vietnam."

The only difference between the Bowen versions is that in the second edition the last stanza appears as:

Now buddy, listen to them,
And hear what they've got to say,
They're gonna board that aircraft,
So don't get in their way.
They'll "zap" you with their cross-bows,
And their home-made rifles too,
Cause there ain't seats enough on that craft,
For the likes of me and you."

THE LONGEST YEAR - 24

18. GHOST ADVISORS II

Tune: "Ghost Riders"

Source: Bowen:1-12, Bowen:2-6

Note: The note "Sung with drums, eerie like--on the chorus" appears in the first Bowen edition. The note "Embassy's cleaned-up version" appears in the second edition.

Some Yanks went out advising down in Southern Vietnam,
While countering Ho's insurgency they encountered the
Madame.

It was frequently confusing in the land where plastic flies,
Just which ones were the VC, and whom should they advise.

Chorus: Chieu hoi! Chi Yi! (pronounced like "by")
Ghost advisors by and by.

They built strategic hamlets and they gave out USOM aid.
They convinced the Montagnards that they really had it made.
They defoliated jungles and they pulled up VC rice.
They swatted the mosquitoes and they searched for body lice.

Chorus

19. GOD REST YE, GENERAL WESTMORELAND

Tune: "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen"

Source: SSCC-14, CCCC, Lansdale-50

God rest ye, General Westmoreland,
Let nothing you dismay,
The First Air Cavalry,
Was wiped out yesterday.

The Big Red One will get it next,
Out at Michelin.

Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
Comfort and joy,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy.

Note: In the CCCC edition, the second line of the second stanza is: "Out at _____"

20. HERE COMES PAVN

Tune: "Here Comes Santa Claus"

Source: CCCC

Note: Composed by Goerge Allen, CIA

Here comes PAVN,
Here comes PAVN,
Down the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

21. I MET A GAL IN OLD SAIGON

Tune: "Sioux City Sue"

Source: SSCC-2, Bowen:1-3, Bowen:2-3, 101st-121, Lansdale-20

I met a gal in old Saigon,
I asked her what was new.
She said, "I think this morning,
They held another coup.
I don't know why they couped this time,
I surely don't know who.
The only thing I know for sure
We had a little coup!"

22. INFILTRATION

Tune: "Old Man River"

Source: Lansdale-34

Note: Words by Dolf Droge. This song was written in Laos in 1958,
and carried to Vietnam.

Infiltration, that infiltration,
You don't see nothing,
You don't hear nothing,
They just keep creepin'
It just keeps creepin' along.

Well, they come from the mountains,
They come from the seashore,
And all that you really know,
They're more than there were before!
That infiltration, it just keeps creepin' along.

There's a long, long trail a-windin',
To bring the lads down from Hanoi,
And they cross Laotian frontiers,
Past those ICC-ing boys.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 26

Now the Canadian says, "Violation,"
And the Pole says, "I don't see,"
And the Indian says, "It's gripping,
But let's have another cup of tea."

So if you will control infiltration,
Take this advice from me:
You can keep your Control Commission,
But you gotta get rid of that tea--
You just gotta kick that tea!

23. I'VE LAID AROUND AND STAYED AROUND

Tune: "Laid Around and Stayed Around This Old Town Too Long"

Source: SSCC-3, Lansdale-21

Note: The refrain in the Lansdale version, sung by the Cosmos
Tabernacle Choir, is "I Feel Like a Coup is Coming On."

I've laid around and stayed around this old town too long,
Summer's almost gone, a coup is coming on.
I've laid around and stayed around this old town too long,
And I feel like I gotta travel on.

Bonzes are burning, they're roasting in the fire...

The gyrenes are surrounded in their compounds...

Ky writes to Tho, but Thi won't come home...

Ky writes to Chieu, but Chieu can't come home...

Col. Lieu is hiding, the police won't crack down...

They've barricaded Gia Long with lots of barbed wire...

Students are demonstrating and they won't calm down...

General Minh and General Khanh are waiting in the wings...

General Co and General Thieu are packing up their bags....

FULRO is happy, they'll be rid of Vinh Loc...

Tri Quang and Tam Chau are waltzing the embassy...

Civilians want democracy with an old soft Sun...

The Cosmos is closing, our boozing's almost through...

We'll go to the Nautique and watch the ships turn round...

Archie doesn't fear VC, he's taking barricades down...

24. I'VE STAYED TOO LONG

Tune: "I Wonder Why"

Source: Bowen:1-11, Bowen:2-10, 101st-197

Note: Words by Tom Bowen, 1964

We don't need MAAG advisors,
We just take tranquilizers,
We've been here long enough to know.

We don't need supervisors,
We don't need fertilizers,
We just need to get away from here.

We've been down in the Delta,
Where we've sure had to swelta,
We just need to get away from here.

We can really hardly wait,
To get through that airport gate,
We're not chicken, we're just all through.

I hear VC, but there's no one there,
I find leaflets underneath my chair,
I've got hash marks on my underwear,
I've stayed too long, I've stayed too long.

I count hamlets in my dreams at night,
Too much nuoc mam's spoiled my appetite,
I'm just one great big mosquito bite,
I guess I've lost the fight,
I've stayed too long.

25. JAKE SONG

Tune: "Wake the Town and Tell the People"

Source: Watt-1

Note: This is one of the best-known songs of the Vietnam War. It originated in Air Force tradition during the Korean War; versions can be found in Getz, Tusso, and many taped Air Force song collections.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 28

Strafe the town and kill the people,
Let's declare a massacre.
Lay napalm in the square,
So you'll know that Jake was there.

Drop the candy in the courtyard,
Let the kiddies gather 'round.
Crank your twenty millimeter,
Gun the little bastards down.

Come 'round early Sunday morning,
Catch the village unaware.
Drop a bunch of cluster bomblets,
Get 'em while they kneel in prayer.

26. JOT SONG

Tune: "You Are My Sunshine"
Source: SSCC-15, Lansdale-53

The other night, boys, as we lay sleeping,
We dreamed we had some JOTs.
Toilet trained and sandbox broken,
The blanket was their only need.

And so we dressed them, and cozy (?) them,
And sent them on their lonesome way,
To tease the VC in the highlands,
And through the Delta romp and play.

Now they've put swings in every hamlet,
The district chiefs they're winning now;
Gone are the diapers of John O'Reilly,
And Walt's to wed a sweet Hoa Hao.

We spank and spoil them, we've almost weaned them,
Our sweet and pouting JOTs.
They'll learn their lesson, to Stu confessin'
They can now buy Saigon tea.

27. LANDLORD, FILL THAT NUOC MAM BOWL

Tune: "Three Jolly Coachmen"

Source: SSCC-2, Bowen:1-3, Bowen:2-3, Lansdale-19

Note: Words by John E. Roberts, State Department, circa 1968.

Roberts was a member of MACV Team #2, and worked for General Bowen as Senior Refugee Advisor in Hue.

Landlord, fill that nuoc mam bowl,
And splash it on my dishee.
Landlord, fill that nuoc mam bowl,
And splash it on my dishee.
For tonight we'll dysentery be,
For tonight we'll dysentery be,
For tonight we'll dysentery be,
Tomorrow we'll smell fishy.

28. LET'S DO IT

Tune: "Let's Do It"

Source: SSCC-7, Bowen:1-12

Note: Sung by Mary Eberhardt. The note "Saigon version, end of January, 1964" appears in both editions.

Who did it? Dinh did it.
Only others seem to think that Minh did it.
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

The word is out General Khanh did it,
(Wouldn't it be fun if Brother Can did it?)
Let's do it, let's have a coup!

Marines from way up in Hue do it,
No need for Nhus, they just ngo--
Tanks, they tell us, too, do it--
Tanks a lot from My Tho.

They say that Kim did it,
Don did it,
Certain factions seem to feel that Dung done did it--
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 30

29. THE LONGEST YEAR

Tune: (?)

Source: SSCC-4, Bowen:1-2, Bowen:2-2, 101ST-162, Lansdale-54

There are boys of Special Forces,
There are lads from USOM too,
And the guys who fly the choppers--
And of course there's me and you.

Chorus: The longest year, the longest year.
You know damn well was spent right here.
The longest year, the longest time,
That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole lot longer,
Than we thought in '62.
We'd be home a whole lot sooner,
It weren't for Madame Nhu.

Chorus

We were working in liaison,
Told them everything we do,
And they put it in the papers,
Said that we had planned a coup.

Chorus

If they weren't out burning Buddhists,
Or scaling pagoda walls,
They were finding ways to cheat us,
'Cause the load we had to haul.

Chorus

If you ever come to Saigon,
Follow my instructions, kid--
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,
You'll be very glad you did!

Chorus

Note: In the first Bowen edition and the 101st collection, the fourth stanza appears as follows:

If they weren't burning Buddhists,
Or scaling pagoda walls,
They were finding ways to screw us,
'Cause they had us by the neck.

30. MCNAMARA'S BAND

Tune: "McNamara's Band"

Source: Lansdale-31

Note: Written and sung by Dolf Droge. Droge, who served in Laos, Thailand, and Vietnam with USIA, wrote an extraordinary series of satirical songs about the war. Lansdale included 22 of these in Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War.

Oh, me name is McNamara, I've got a special band,
And every couple of weeks or so I fly to old Vietnam.
I assemble the troops, count communist groups, and while the
choppers fall,
I hurry home to tell you, sure, it's not so bad after all.

Chorus:

La, la, la, la, we are winning!
La, la, la, la, yes, we are winning!

Computers roar, we tally the score, the Vietcong blaze away,
And hardly a government flag survives after the close of
day.

But have no fear, victory's near, that is plain to see;
I don't believe the New York Times, just rely on me.

La, la, la, la, we are winning!
La, la, la, la, yes, we are winning!

31. MACV FIGHT SONG

Tune: "Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame"

Source: SSCC-7, Bowen:2-11, Lansdale-28

Let's fight on for COMUSMACV,
He will lead us to victory.
Send the ARVN out to fight,
We'll stay in Saigon and see the sight.
For we are advisors and never fear,
All our advice falls on little ears.
And the Viets fight on and on,
Worried that we may go it alone.
So let's fight on for COMUSMACV,
We're going to win in '73.
Johnson'll send us more and more,
Elections will help us shorten the war.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 32

Note: In the second Bowen edition, the first two lines appears as:

Fight on for COMUSMACV,
He'll lead us to victory."

Lines nine and ten appear as:

So fight on for COMUSMACV
We'll go on to win in '73

32. MACV FIGHT SONG II

Tune: "Windsocke Song"

Source: SSCC-13, Bowen:2-15

Cosmos Command version:

Buckle down, Westmoreland, buckle down,
You'll win, Henry Cabot, if Westy buckles down.
You're both stars a'plenty,
At less than three and twenty.
You'll win, Hank-Westy, if you'll only buckle down!

Bowen version:

Buckle down, Westmoreland, buckle down,
You'll win, Max Taylor, if Westy buckles down.
You're both stars a'plenty,
At less than three and twenty.
You'll win, Max-Westy, if you'll only buckle down!

33. MACV MARCHING SONG

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Source: SSCC-13, CCCC, Bowen:2-15

Mine eyes have seen the glory,
Of a thousand claymore mines.
There were booby traps and punji stakes,
Among the jungle vines.
We have battled the mosquitos,
And every kind of bug.
And with the VC girlies,
I've exchanged a dozen hugs.

Chorus: Gory, gory, we were ambushed,
 Gory, gory, we were ambushed,
 Gory, gory, we were ambushed,
 And we ain't going to fight no more.

Oh, mine eyes have seen the glory,
 Of the Montagnards at play.
 I have seen strategic hamlets,
 In every sort of way.
 I have seen the troops of MACV,
 And have often heard them say,
 "Let's get on with this war,
 So I can get away."

Chorus: Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam,
 Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam,
 Glory, glory I'm in Vietnam,
 What a hell of a place to be!

Note: The CCCC text is fragmentary and contains only lines three and four of the first stanza and the first chorus. The Bowen:2 version of is significantly different.

Oh, mine eyes have seen the glory
 Of the Montagnards at play.
 I have seen strategic hamlets,
 In every sort of way.
 I have battled the mosquitoes,
 And every kind of bug.
 And with the VC girlies,
 I've exchanged a dozen hugs.

Chorus: Glory, glory I'm at MACV,
 Glory, glory I'm at MACV,
 Glory, glory I'm at MACV,
 What a hell of a place to be!

Oh, I've seen the troops at MACV,
 At work and at their play.
 I have seen them down at Caman,
 And in the hills of Hue.
 And to their counterparts,
 I have often heard them say,
 "Let's get on with this war
 So I can get away!"

THE LONGEST YEAR - 34

34. THE METHVENSPOOF SONG

Tune: "Whiffenpoof Song"

Source: Lansdale-43, SSCC. A text of this song is included in the documentation which Lansdale gave to the Library of Congress with the tapes of Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War.

From the tables down at Mimi's
To the place where Methven dwells,
To the dear Flamboyant Bar we know so well,
See the Methvenspoofs assembled with their glasses
raised on high,
And the music of their singing fills the air.

Chorus: We are poor JOTs who have lost our way,
Ba Muoi Ba.
Following Stu to the Chez Rene.
Ba Muoi Ba.
Lecherous songsters out on a spree,
Doomed to lose our virginity.
Jorgy have mercy on such as we.
Ba Muoi Ba.

From the place where we start drinking,
To the place where we get high,
To the bar where Stu may take us by and by.
We young JOTs will gather,
With our jackets and our ties,
And we'll hear the pop-pop-pop of her ao-dai.

Chorus

From the Montagnard rebellions,
to the camps at old Pleiku,
To the night he almost shared with Madame Nhu,
Oh we love our Peerless Leader,
And we love our Jorgy too,
But there's none who can compare with "Mister Stu."

Chorus

35. MONTAGNARD SERGEANT

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

Source: Lansdale-33, SSCC-10

Note: Sung by the Cosmos Tabernacle Choir. This song is widely known in camp and fraternity, as well as military tradition. A similar version is found in the Raven Songbook. Getz, who comments that it is a "very popular song among airmen," found versions in fifteen Air Force Song Books.

My mother's a Montagnard sergeant,
She draws jump pay and quarters to boot,
She lives in Saigon on per diem,
And always has plenty of loot.

CHORUS: Stay here, stay here,
Oh, don't let the program go down, go down.
Stay here, stay here,
'Cause Saigon's a real swinging town.

My father's a part-time guerrilla,
He gives all the ARVN a fit,
By selling for twenty piastres,
A do-it-yourself ambush kit.

Chorus

My sisters all work in the taverns,
They encourage the soldiers to roam,
"Drink up 'cause you'll soon leave your loved ones,
And back to your wives back at home."

Chorus

My brother's a poor missionary,
He saves all the girls from sin.
He'll save you a girl for five dollars,
My God, how the money rolls in.

Chorus

My grandpa sells cheap prophylactics,
He punctures each head with a pin,
While grandma grows rich on abortions,
My God, how the money rolls in.

Chorus

THE LONGEST YEAR - 36

36. O LITTLE TOWN OF BAN ME THUOT

Tune: "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

Source: SSCC-14, CCCC, Lansdale-49

O little town of Ban Me Thuot,
How still we see thee lie.
The good Rhade are all at play,
Uprising in the night.

Yet in the dark streets shineth,
A blazing FULRO flag.
The bad Jarai will have to die,
As ARVN they do fight.

37. OUR FORCES ARE ADVANCING

Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Source: Bowen:1-14

Note: Words by John E. Roberts, Hue, 1967

Our forces are advancing and we've finished clearing Hue,
The RF and the FF are showing us the way.
Ambassadors are sending up inspectors everyday,
The reports keep marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, we are winning, with TFES we are winning,
Glory, glory, we are winning, the reports keep marching
on.

Say there's rockets in the cities and there's bombing in the
hills.

There's shooting in the paddies and there's banging in the
villes.

We fight a while--count a while, write a while too,
The reports keep marching on.

Chorus:

Glory, glory, we are winning, with the H-E-S we're
winning.

Glory, glory, we are winning, the reports keep marching
on.

The fighting's getting bloody and we Roman Plow the town,
A sniper shoots a buddy and we blow the hamlet down.
The refugees come streaming and we'll give them all some
tin,
The reports keep marching in.

Glory, glory, we are winning, with a stencil we are
winning.

Glory, glory, we are winning, the reports keep marching
on.

A hamlet is regressing and we all leap to the fight,
Saigon sends out a shipment and we issue day and night.
Cement is hard, the tin is bent, but it will be all right,
The reports keep marching on.

Glory, glory, we are winning, with piastres we are
winning

Glory, glory, we are winning, the reports keep marching
on.

Komer sends a message that our figures are a fright,
Komer sends a letter that we better see the light,
Komer comes to visit and we sit up all the night,
The reports keep rolling on.

Glory, glory, we are winning, with computers we are
winning.

Glory, glory, we are winning, the reports keep marching
on.

38. PENTA-PRIME MEDLEY

Tune: "Any Time You're Feeling Lonely" (first verse)

"Across the Wide Missouri" (second verse)

Source: Watt-2

Penta-Prime you're feeling lonely,
Penta-Prime you're feeling blue,
Penta-Prime I love you only,
Penta-Prime drop dead--fuck you!

Oh Penta-Prime I hear you calling,
Away you rolling barrels.
Oh, Penta-Prime I love to spread you,
Across the dusty compound.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 38

39. PICTURE OF A MAN

Tune: Composed by Hershel Gober

Source: Lansdale-77

Note: Written by Hershel Gober, circa 1966.

I'll sing you a song of little brave men,
Who defend their outpost time and again.
Men not so different from you and from me.
Men who will fight to keep their country free.

Stationed in an outpost in the middle of a field,
To him this war is very, very real.
He'll fight for freedom until the end.
He fights for his family, fights for his friend.

Shower shoes upon his feet,
A rifle in his hand,
He knows that any night,
He may have to make his final stand.
This is the picture of a man.

He has fought for many years, many years.
He has seen more than his share of sorrow and tears.
He longs for the day when there is peace in his land.
This is the picture of a man....This is the picture of a man.

40. RANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Tune: "Strangers in the Night"

Source: Watt-2

Rangers in the night, exhausted people,
We were rangers in the night, until the morning,
When we saw that first LZ.
Little did we see food was just a click away,
A march and asshole kick away.

And ever since that night,
We've wandered together,
Rangers in the night,
We're not too clever,
If you think this is the end, you're right!

41. RECON SONG

Tune: "Please, General Custer"

Source: Watt-3

Please, Colonel Snyder,
I don't want to go.
Please, Colonel Snyder,
Please, don't make me go.

I had a dream last night,
About the eagle flight.
Someone yelled, "Attack!"
And there I stood with shrapnel in my back.

42. SELF DEFENSE MAIDEN

Tune: "Down in the Valley"

Source: Bowen:1-13

Note: Words by John E. Roberts, MACV Team 2. Hue, circa 1967.

Down by the river, the River Perfume,
That's where I met her, plotting their doom.
Self Defense Maiden, that's what she was,
Hating those VC, for killing her love.

As I approached her, she turned and she said,
"If they dare come here, I'll shoot them all dead.
I am defending the City of Hue, I am a member of the Nhan
Dan Tu Ve.
Our forces are strong now, our cause it is right,
If they attack us, we'll show them our might.

"Many are helping, all firing carbines,
My brother's a member of an RDG team,
My Mother's a Canh Sat, father is dead,
Shot by a commie, right square in the head.

"We buried him sadly near Mirh-Mang's Tomb,
His passing it grieves us, it left us in gloom.
This mission he left us, protect all that's dear,
Self defense forces without any fear."

43. SERVICE FLAG SONG

Tune: "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean"

Source: Watt-4

Note: This song, which is usually known as "The ROTC Song," is well known in both military and ROTC tradition.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 40

Oh, take down your service flag mother,
And turn that blue star into gold.
Your boy is a Huey door gunner,
He'll die 'fore he's twenty years old.

Some mothers have sons in the Army,
Some mothers have sons out at sea,
But take down that service flag mother,
Your boy's just in ROTC.

44. SIX CLICKS

Tune: Composed by Hershel Gober

Source: Lansdale-78

Notes: This song was written in 1966 by Captain Hershel Gober, who was serving as a MACV sub-sector advisor in Rach Gia, in IV Corps.

Six clicks is a mighty short walk,
When you march behind a band--
But six clicks can seem like a hundred miles,
Wen you're walking in Charlie's land.

With a pack upon your back,
A rifle in your hand,
Every step you take,
Death is holding your hand,
Walking in Charlie's land.

Up before the crack of dawn,
Out in the brush,
Every clump of trees
Can hide an ambush.

You must not relax,
Don't lay your rifle down.
Remember, buddy, you're trespassing,
On Charlie's ground.

There's mud, mosquitoes and snakes,
Mines and punji stakes.
Some of our boys learn too late,
Just who owns this real estate.
This is Charlie's land.

Six clicks is a mighty short walk,
When you march behind a band--
But six clicks can seem like a hundred miles,
When you're walking in Charlie's land.

45. SIXTH REGIMENT FIGHT SONG

Tune: Unknown
Source: Watt-1

There's an aggregation known throughout all Vietnam,
Always ready for a fuck or fray.
From their high and mighty station,
They are known across this nation,
As the Co Vans from 6th Regiment MACV.

Each day they sally forth to meet the VC,
And turn the wily Cong into a lamb.
In the midst of scrap and scrimmage,
You can see the busy image,
Of the spoiled and pampered brats of Uncle Sam.

Call for gunships--do the bastards in,
We want fixed wing, di di mau lien,
Nape and snake will see us through.
Oh Dustoff, Dustoff, where are you?

46. SORRY ABOUT THAT

Tune: "Ghost Riders"
Source: Bowen:2-12

You're working very hard at MACV,
Eighteen hours a day.
For three months you've been on a project,
With no extra pay.
You finally turn it in on time,
To hear the General say,
"The project's cancelled, we don't need it,
Throw that junk away!"

Spoken: Sorry about that!

You're transferred into the Delta,
Hamlets to defend.
You reinforce your garrison,
For fight to the bitter end.
J2 has said VC will attack tonight the town,
Instead by day they hit Nha Trang
And burn it to the ground.

Spoken: Sorry about that!

THE LONGEST YEAR - 42

Next day you're patrolling,
When a land mine lays you low.
A Huey takes you to Saigon,
Your leg wound up to sew.
They wheel you into surgery,
And of this there is no doubt,
The dirty carts mixed up the charts,
They took your appendix out.

Spoken: Sorry about that!

And then your year is ended,
Your replacement's here and trained.
You're out at Tan Son Nhut,
With suitcase finally to emplane.
You're headed up the stairway,
When the MPs come for you,
To say your tour's just been extended,
From one year to two.

Spoken: Sorry about that!

47. SPECIAL FORCES SONG

Tune: "Ballad of the Green Berets"

Source: Watt-4

Bird shit falling from the sky,
These are men who jump and cry.
One hundred men will shit today,
And wipe their ass with a green beret.

Sixth Regiment, you know the name,
Throughout Vietnam, you've heard our claim.
When it comes to pride and fame,
Who needs that silly green beret?

Silver wings upon my chest?
I ride in choppers above the rest.
Although I get less dough this way,
Who needs that silly green beret?

At Ha Tahn or at Tra Bong,
I dare you, cunt, to say I'm wrong,
A dozen men we saved today,
And every one was a green beret.

In your compounds, there you sit.
The folks back home believe you, shit.
If they knew, they'd change their tone,
And pack your bags and send you home.

48. STRATEGIC HAMLET SONG

Tune: "Don't Fence Me In"

Source: Bowen:1-8

Give me wire, lots of wire, under starry skies above,
Please, fence me in.
Wrap it round, wrap it round, wrap it all the way around,
Please, fence me in.
I've got the house and the fields, and the pump protected,
Felt secure 'til the CG defected!
Give me more aid and I'll feel protected,
Please, fence me in.

Give me lemonade, bandaid, USOM aid, everything U.S. made,
I asked for fertilizer, pigpens, bulgur wheat, and
haven't got it yet.
So I'll bark at the moon until they burn my fences,
Stay in my hamlet till I lose my senses,
Bury my shotgun cause I've got no defenses,
Please, fence me in!

49. STREETS OF SAIGON

Tune: "Streets of Laredo"

Source: SSCC-8, Bowen:1-9, Bowen:2-9, 101ST-187, Lansdale-29

Note: This song is noted as being "in coup time" in both SSCC and Bowen:2.

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon,
As I walked down Le Loi one day,
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen,
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform that you're an advisor,"
These words he said as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die.

"It was once I ruled widely, once I ruled strongly,
And loved my sister or so they did say,
But I kept my brother and so ruled wrongly,
For those Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay.

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin,
Have the girls down at the Tu Do sing a love song.
Take me down Xa Loi, there lay the sod over me,
Now that USIS has scorned me, I know I've done wrong.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 44

"Oh blow the pipes slowly and beat the drum loudly,
Play a slow twist as you carry my pall.
Put Dalat roses all over my coffin,
To soften the tears of the press as they fall."

50. THEY CALL ME A MACV ADVISOR

Tune: "Red River Valley"

Source: This text was sent to LMF by Andrew Weir. He recorded it from Captain William Mark, who served as the Senior District Advisor with District Team 64 in Chau Phu District, 1970-1971.

They call me a MACV advisor,
For me that's a big sacrifice.
I'll advise anyone who will listen,
But no one will take my advice.

I've been told that the ARVN have courage,
They're the bravest troops you could find,
But the first time we got into combat,
They took off and left me behind.

I've a plan that will get this war over,
But nobody likes it but me;
Let the ARVN follow their leaders,
And let MACV advise the VC.

51. THOSE VIET CONG ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Tune: "Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Old Gang of Mine"

Source: Bowen:1-10, Bowen:2-14

Not a soul down in the hamlet,
That's a pretty certain sign,
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

All the boys are selling weapons,
Ho's piastres do just fine,
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

There goes Nhu, there goes Diem,
They were not so tame!
There goes Don, there goes Dinh,
Things won't be the same!

Oh, I get that shaky feeling when I hear those mortars
"chime,"
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

52. 'Twas COUP DAY

Source: SSCC-11, Bowen:2-16, Lansdale-38

Note: Written by John Granger and Volney Warner, Psychological Warfare Section, at the time of the coup. The Lansdale version is performed by John Muldoon and the Cosmos Tabernacle Choir.

'Twas siesta on "coup" day and all through Saigon
 Not a soldier was stirring, not even big Don.
 The plans were all checked by Minh with great care,
 In hopes that a victory they soon would declare.
 The Nhuses were all nestled so snug in their beds
 While visions of power danced through their heads.
 With Diem in his nightshirt and Nhu in his cap,
 Both settled down for a hot sweaty nap.
 When out on the roof there arose such a clatter,
 Diem rose from his bed to see what was the matter.
 Then what to his wondering eyes did appear,
 But 30s and 50s inspiring such fear.
 ('Cause they were all shooting not there but here.)
 The tanks and the hows and the planes how they came,
 He started to think, "How short-lived is fame!"
 Then all of a sudden his phone gave a jingle
 (This happened quite often since he was still single),
 "Give up and live, or resist and die,
 We'll give you 'til six to say no or aye."
 He picked up his pants, down the staircase he flew.
 "If I hadn't listened to dear Madame Nhu,
 I'd still have control, instead of the coup.
 But now that it's here, I'd better get brother
 To come up with crack troops and put down another
 Attempt to take over the reigns of this realm
 And let me get back to steering the helm."
 So putting his fingers up to his nose,
 He gave them the sign that everyone knows.
 And moving the bookcase so grand and so tall,
 Uncovered a doorway into a hall.
 This passage was secret, not even Nhu knew,
 That this was built in for such a coup.
 It led to an alley outside of the grounds,
 To a spot that was in back of the loud banging sounds.
 "We made it," cried Nhu with a voice loud and clear,
 But Diem stated wisely, "We are still too near.
 So let's take that vehicle parked over there.
 I once drove an APC (It was a dare)."
 They captured the driver and vehicle intact
 And moved it out smartly. (The vehicle was tracked.)
 Over the river and away from the coup,

THE LONGEST YEAR - 46

Dash away, dash away, dash away Nhu.
And all you could hear as they drove out of sight,
Was "Merci beaucoup, don't shoot all night."
The next day we heard so few of the facts,
The rumors were flying about many pacts.
But one thing we feel is essentially true,
Some old is preserved, but there ain't no more Nhu.

53. VOICES OF THE DEAD

Tune: Composed by Dolf Droge

Source: Lansdale-141

Note: Written by Droge after the Tet Offensive, 1968.

In the City of Hue, in South Vietnam,
The men of Ho Chi Minh came to call.
They occupied that city for three long weeks that year,
And put three thousand people against the wall.

Chorus:

For the sake of the future,
Hear the voices of the dead:
Strangulation, live burial, or a bullet in the head.
And remember, dear neighbor,
If now you turn and run,
Then the future will be written by the
executioner's gun.

They killed school teachers, and politicians too,
They killed editors and VIPs like you.
They killed those with whom in peace they might compete,
They killed from a list and the list it was complete.

Chorus

54. [T]WELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

Tune: "The Twelve Days of Christmas"

Source: SSCC-14, CCCC, Lansdale-46

Note: Lucien Conein insists that the correct title is the "Welve Days of Christmas."

On the first day of Christmas, the VC gave to me:
Some plastic in a Dauphine.

Second day...two hand grenades
Third day...three punji stakes
Fourth day...four fallen flowers
Fifth day...five claymore mines
Sixth day...six satchel charges
Seventh day...seven birds a shrinking
Eighth day...eight bar girls drinking
Ninth day...nine Saigon teas
Tenth day...ten tanks of napalm
Eleventh day...eleven Montagnards
Twelfth day...twelve butterflies

55. UNCLE HO CHI MINH LOOKED DOWN

Tune: "Good King Wenceslas"
Source: CCCC

Uncle Ho Chi Minh looked down,
Upon Saigon City.

56. WE ARE WINNING

Tune: "Rock of Ages"
Source: SSCC-2, Bowen:1-3, Bowen:2-3, 101ST-170, Lansdale-16
Note: Words by Tom Bowen.

We are winning, this we know,
General Harkins tells us so.
Though in the Delta things are tough,
And in the highlands very rough,
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so.
If you doubt them, who are you?
McNamara says so too.

THE LONGEST YEAR - 48

57. WE GOTTA HAVE KHANH

Tune: "You Gotta Have Heart"

Source: Bowen:2-14

Note: This song was written around the time of the third coup, when Khanh took over.

We gotta have Khanh,
Months and months and months of Khanh.
When the press were saying we'd never win,
That's when the guy stepped in.

We gotta have Lodge,
Please stay with us, Mr. Lodge.
Though New Hampshire says he better go back,
Saigon would feel the lack.

When the odds are saying zero,
Keep your goatee in the air.
Mister you can be a hero,
There's success in every hair.
There's nothing to it, but to do it--

We gotta have Khanh,
Maybe even years of Khanh.
Even though some think he should shave his chin,
We know that our man will win.
So we gotta have Khanh--and Mr. Lodge.

58. WE HAVE PACIFIED THIS LAND ONE HUNDRED TIMES

Tune: "Five Hundred Miles"

Source: Lansdale-143

Note: Written and sung by Bill Stubbs, USIS

If you work for OCO, you will know RD is slow,
We have pacified this land a hundred times.

Chorus: A hundred times, a hundred times, a hundred times, a
hundred times,
We have pacified this land a hundred times.

There's a hamlet that I know, where the cadre come and go,
We have pacified this land a hundred times.

Chorus

Got pajamas on my back, and of course the color is black,
We have pacified this land a hundred times.

Chorus

RD is a parlor game, pacification is the same,
We have pacified this land one hundred times.

Chorus

59. WE'RE A PACK OF BASTARDS

Tune: Unknown

Source: Watt-1

Oh, we're a pack of bastards,
Bastards are we.
We're from Sixth Regiment,
The asshole of the world,
And all the universe.
And we're a pack of bastards,
Bastards are we.
We'd rather fuck than fight for liberty.

60. WHEN ARVN COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN

Tune: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again"

Source: 101st-120-b

Note: Words by the Hue Advisory Team.

When ARVN comes marching home again, hoorah, hoorah,
There'll be a lot of corruption then, horrah, hoorah.
The Nyugen's are in and the Ho's are out,
The peasants they will curse and shout,
And we'll all exchange P's when,
The ARVN comes marching home.

When FR's give up the ghost again, oh woe, oh woe,
The PF's they will also go, oh woe, oh woe.
The PSDF's will tumble and shake,
The hamlet chiefs will also quake,
As eyes wonder, "Who the next will be?"

Perhaps the Russians or the Chinese will take control,
Perhaps the generals in Saigon will play the role.
It's you and me and Dien Bien Phu,
Perplexedly watching the Saigon Zoo,
And Thieu or Ky or Minh or who?
When ARVN comes marching home.

61. YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON

Tune: "The Yellow Rose of Texas"

Source: SSCC-9, Bowen:1-7, 2-7, 101ST-158, Lansdale-32

Note: Written by Tom Bowen

She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon,
And I think she banned the twist,
But she's a real cute, little dolly,
She's one I think I've missed.
You can talk about the President,
And about his brother Nhu,
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose,
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists,
And she hates the New York Times,
Because they always rib her,
And accuse her of awful crimes.
What's a little joke about cook-outs,
Or imported gasoline?
Why, that's mostly exaggeration,
She's really not that mean.

Yes, my Little Rose of Saigon,
Is just a poor little refugee.
She fled down from Hanoi,
To make jobs for you and me.
She's snowed old Maxwell Taylor,
And Ambassador Nolting too,
Now JFK's her buddy,
And gives her money too.

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon,
Stays off of Tu Do Street.
She doesn't go much for loving,
But at intrigue can't be beat.
I look for many changes,
When she meets with Mr. Lodge.
'Cause it's said that he's a sucker,
For eastern camouflage.

Yes, my Little Rose of Saigon,
Is a veteran through and through.
She's careful with her money,
In case there is a coup.
She's got to salvage something,
From this political enterprise.
Before the VC lose their fight,
And America gets wise.

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon,
Is in the USA,
To be a UN member,
In the good old fashioned way.
You can talk about the President,
And about her husband Nhu,
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose,
If you know what's good for you.

Note: Two verses differ slightly between Bowen's first and second editions. In the first edition, verse three appears as follows:

Yes my Little Rose of Saigon,
Is just a poor little refugee.
Why she fled from Ho and Hanoi,
To make jobs for you and me.
She's snowed General Maxwell Taylor,
And Ambassador Nolting too.
Got bright green light from JFK,
And three billion dollars too.

In Bowen's first edition, verse six appears as follows:

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon,
Has left for the USA,
To be a UN observer,
In the good old fashioned way.
You can talk about the President,
And about her husband Nhu,
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose,
If you know what's good for you.

62. YOU BETTER BUG OUT

Tune: "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"
Source: SSCC-14, CCCC, Lansdale-48

Oh, you better bug out,
You better get high,
Draw your weapon,
I'm telling you why,
Ho Chi Minh is coming to town.

He knows when ARVN's sleeping,
MACV is never awake,
He knows your ammo is never good,
So bug out for goodness sake!

APPENDIX A: COSMOS BAR CHRISTMAS PAGEANT CAST

<u>Character:</u>	<u>Cast member:</u>
Mary	Alice Eggleston
Joseph	Tom Donahue
Jesus	Harry Munck, wrapped in swaddling clothes
Angel Movement Control Officer	Ken Martens
Anointer of the baby Jesus	Carolyn
Birth Control Officer	Ray Lipke
Wise Men	Lester Houck, Bert Courage, Bob Haynes
Pontius Pilate	Sam Draculich
Herod	Win Oliver
Chief of Carollers	Bob Porter
Mary Magdalene	Pat Doyle
Innkeeper	Ernie Price
Keeper of Requisitions for Jesus' Gifts	Monti
Kings Bearing Gifts	Men Mandich (nuoc mam), Bill Miller (longusta), George Allen (harem)
Star	Hank Lodge
Lepers	Gene Brooks, Sam Hopler, Dorsey Anderson
Narrator	Joe Hartman
Santa Claus	Clancy
Mrs. Claus	Pat Evans
John the Baptist	John Muldoon
Holy Ghost	Bill Evans

Angels	Nancy Fogarty, Marge Martin, Pat Belke,
Advisor to MACV, Palestine	Ken Goode
Stageboy	Bob Basket
Bartender (at Inn)	Bill Smith
Prodigal Son	Kirk Balcom
Chief Shepherd (goatherd)	Ted Roussos
Shepherds	Grima Johnson, Claude Gau, Dick Beal, Chip Damminger
Sheep (a flock)	Buck Ashby, Jerry Jacobson, Terry Daly, Ken Hurley (JOTs)
Camels	Roger Goiran, Paul Yockey
Swine and Swineherd	Clem Cisar and Dick Cleveland
Timekeeper (to get Mary to the inn on time)	Stu
Tiny Tim	Walter Mackem
Announcer of the birth	Lou Conein
Pointer to the Star and Prophet Isaiah	Strick
Tax Collector	John Field
Caesar	Jorgy
Scrooge	Vince Heyman
Centurion (.0038)	Ron Radda
Manger Security	Dick Heath
Spirit of Christmas	Foster Phipps
Donkey	John Murray
Transportation Officers	Stich and Don

THE LONGEST YEAR - 54

Ghost of the Christmas Past	Peer de Silva (Standby: Stu Alporin)
Ghost of the Christmas Present	Ralph Katrosh
Ghost of the Christmas Future	John Hart
Bob Crotchet	Terry Cronin
Scribes and Pharisees	Ruby Menaker, Wayne Montgomery, John Dyer
Midwife	Jerry Fox
Manger	Chez Salvador
Manger Expansion Officer	Payton Anderson
Manger Sanitation Officer	John Stent
Vestal Virgins	Collective group from Chez Rene, Flamingo, and Lily
Salvation Army Lady	Pat Evans
Procurator	Dawson Smith
Invocation	Tucker Gogleman
Benediction	Zeke Zilitis

Background music by the Cosmos Tabernacle Choir

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A trooper came down	18
Arrivederci, Saigon	8
As I walked down the Streets of Saigon	43
Away in a hamlet	10
Bird shit falling from the sky	42
Buckle down, Westmoreland, buckle down	32
Buddha bless Sai-go-on	14
City of Hue, in South Vietnam	46
Counting geckos on the the wall	18
Damned Air America	8
Danang, How I love ya	16
Dashing through Pleiku	17
Deck the halls with Victor Charlie	17
Down by the river, the River Perfume	39
Friendly FAC, oh friendly FAC,	20
From the tables down at Mimi's	34
Give me wire, lots of wire,	43
God rest ye, General Westmoreland,	24
Here comes PAVN	25
I met a gal in old Saigon	25
I'll sing you a song of little brave men	38
I've laid around and stayed around this old town too long	26
If you work for OCO, you will know RD is slow	48
In South East Asia, here in Vietnam	17
Infiltration, that infiltration	25
Landlord, fill that nuoc mam bowl	29
Let's fight on for COMUSMACV	31
Mine eyes have seen the glory, Of a thousand claymore mines	32
My mother's a Montagnard sergeant	35
Not a soul down in the hamlet	44
O little town of Ban Me Thuot	36
Oh, me name is McNamara, I've got a special band	31
Oh, take down your service flag mother	40
Oh, we're a pack of bastards,	49
Oh, you better bug out	51
On the first day of Christmas, the VC gave to me.	47
Our forces are advancing and we've finished clearing Hue	36
Penta-Prime you're feeling lonely	37
Please, Colonel Snyder	39
Rangers in the night, exhausted people	38
She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon	50
Six clicks is a mighty short walk	40
Some Yanks went out advising	21, 24
Strafe the town and kill the people	28
The other night boys, as we lay sleeping	28
There are boys of Special Forces	30
There's an aggregation known throughout all Viet Nam	41
They call me a MACV advisor,	44
Twas siesta on "coup" day and all through Saigon	45
Uncle Ho Chi Minh looked down,	47

THE LONGEST YEAR - 56

We are winning, this we know	47
We don't need MAAG advisors	27
We gotta have Khanh	48
We were drinking beer in Frisco	15
When ARVN comes marching home again, hoorah, hoorah	49
Who did it? Dinh did it	29
You have heard of mighty warriors	10
You're working very hard at MACV	41
You've heard about our warriors	12